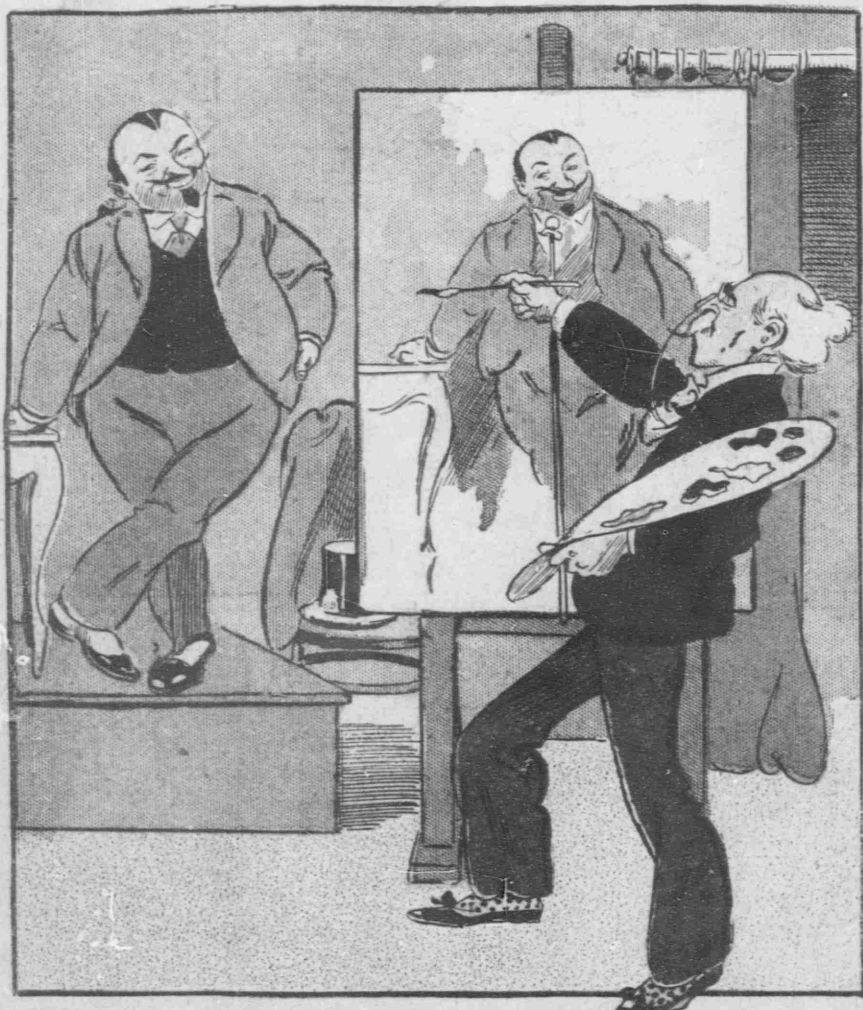
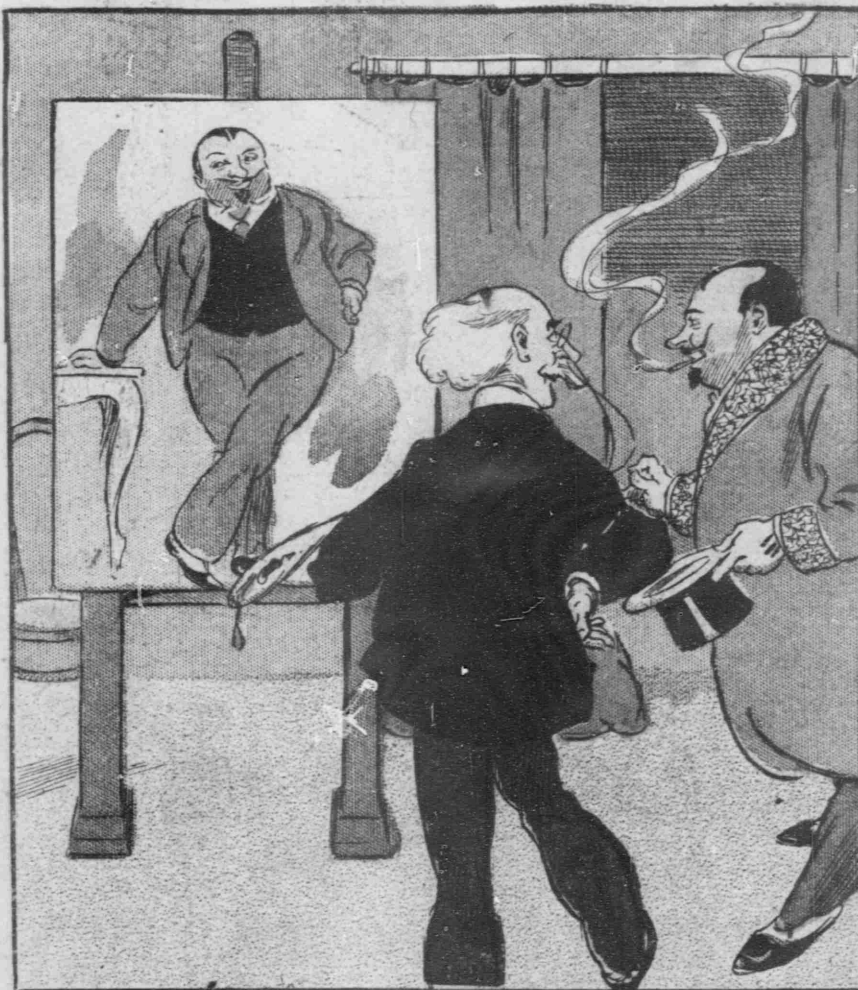


WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1904.

PROFESSOR PRESTO, MASTER OF MAGIC



1—Artist says: "Your portrait's done,
A work of art excelled by none."



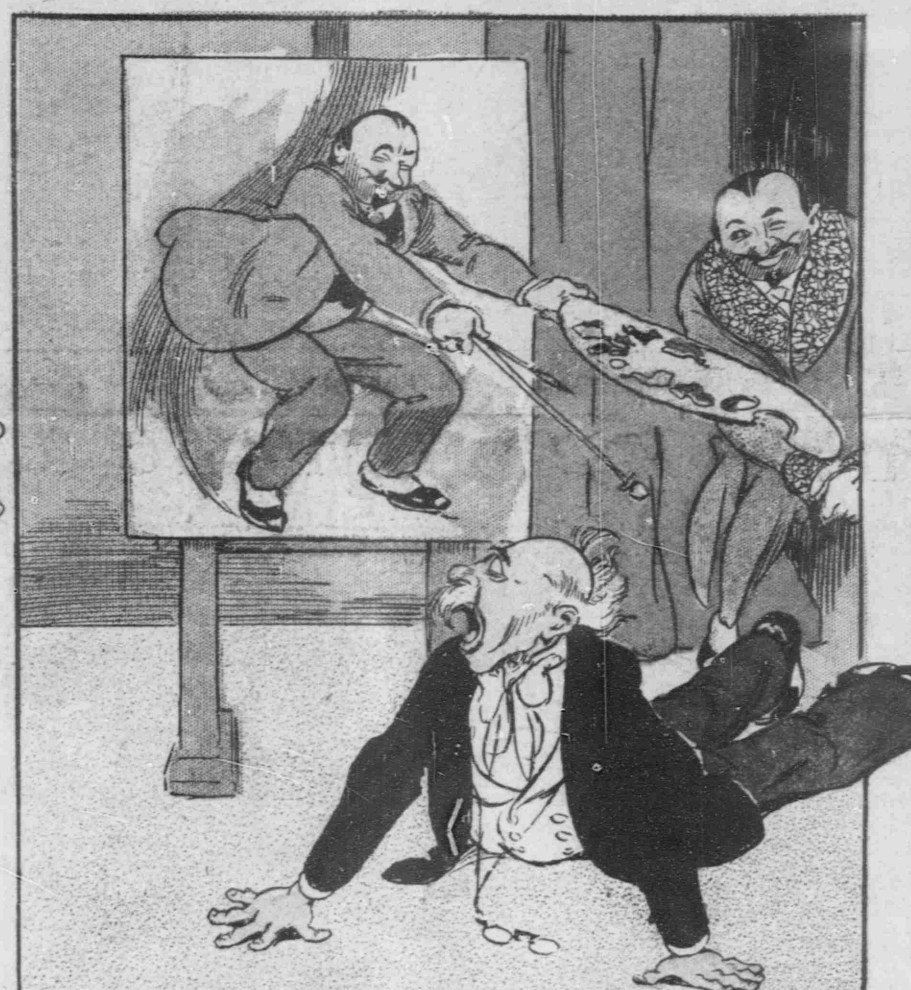
2—"Observe the picture's lifelike air;
It is your image to a hair."



3—Presto says: "Don't touch it, please!
Look out! You'll make the portrait sneeze!"



4—"Didn't I tell you? Now he's mad.
He'll make things lively for you, my lad."



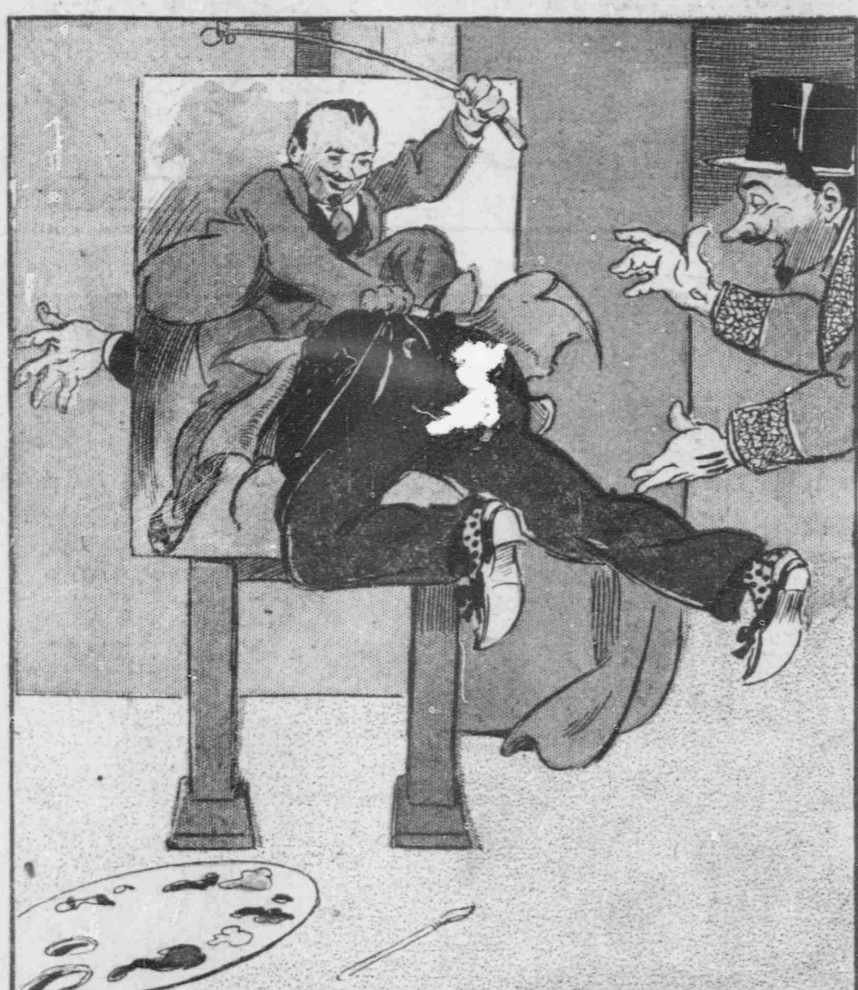
5—"He's got your palette and your brush.
Pray don't use such language—hush!"



6—"He's decorating you for fair,
How lucky you've so little hair."



7—"Now what's the fellow going to do?
I fear there's trouble ahead for you."



8—"Good gracious me! I cannot stay
To see you punished, so good day."



9—Artist wakes as from a dream,
Finds things are not what they seem.